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EARLY IRISH SATIRISTS AND THE WHITE-THORN TREE

by

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Ancient Irish incantational satire is so frequently linked with thorn-trees or thorn-bushes, particularly with the white-thorn or English hawthorn (mayhaw), that the association in its various aspects indicates that the Irish satirists utilized sympathetic magic in connection with a fertility cult in order to accomplish their destructive ends.¹ Besides the white-thorn (the familiar *aubépine* of the French mediaeval romances), the following trees seem also to have had some similar ritualistic significance for the Irish satirists:² the quicken or rowan tree (rountree), i.e., the European mountain-ash, sacred to Jove and intimately associated with magic, particularly in Scotland, Wales, and the Orkneys; the 'surly' black-thorn (black-haw) or sloe tree, i.e., the American hawthorn; and very rarely, the cornel tree, cornelian cherry tree, or cornel-bush (apparently the

¹ Donald A. Mackenzie in *The Migration of Symbols and their Relation to Beliefs and Customs* (London and New York, 1926), p. 177, quotes John Batchelor (*The Ainu and their Folk-Lore* [London, 1901], pp. 56-158) as saying of the beliefs of the Japanese Ainu: "Some trees are called "bad" [probably because they have early been cursed by divine personages], and are supposed to be unlucky . . . The guelder rose [beloved of cats], alder, elm, poplar, birch, hydrangea, and walnut are among them. Any one of these trees may be used for the purpose of bringing down curses on one's enemies."

² The Irish Brehon Laws (*The Ancient Laws of Ireland* [Dublin, 1865-1901, 5 vols.], IV, 147-149) classify Irish trees thus: "The chieftain trees are: oak, holly, yew, ash, pine, apple. The common trees are: alder, willow, hawthorn, mountain ash, birch, elm, 'idha' [palm?]. The shrub trees are: blackthorn, elder, spindle tree, white hazel, aspen, arbutus, test-tree. The bramble trees are: fern, bog-myrtle, furze, briar, heath, ivy, broom, gooseberry." For Celtic tree lore connected with folk ritual and magic, see Marie Trevelyan, *Folk-Lore and Folk-Stories of Wales. With an Introduction by E. Sidney Hartland* (London, 1909), pp. 101-106; Lady Wilde, *Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland. Contributions to Irish Lore* (London, 1890), pp. 56-58; T. Gwynn Jones, *Welsh Folklore and Folk-Custom* (London, 1930), p. 141; George Henderson, *Survivals in Belief Among the Celts* (Glasgow, 1911), pp. 197-198; and James M. Mackinlay, *The Folklore of Scottish Lochs and Springs* (Glasgow, 1893), p. 191. In this general connection, see also Jean Chalon, *Les arbres fétiches de la Belgique* (Anvers, 1912).

common dogwood), anciently celebrated for its toughness and hardness when used in javelins and arrows.

It is the white-thorn, however, which figures so prominently in the formal ritual of the ancient Irish *glám-dichenn* (Satire from the Hilltops) or cumulative coterie satire described in the Middle Irish *Book of Ballymote* in what seems to be our only preserved account of such a ceremony.³ There it is specified that after solemn council as to the making of the satire (designed to be pronounced against a king refusing proper reward for a poem), the aggrieved poet (*ollave*) and six other professional poets are to mount at sunrise to a hilltop where seven lands meet. There the seven satirists are to place their backs against a hawthorn through which a north or black wind blows. (All twelve Celtic winds are colored; and black is, of course, pre-eminently satire's own color). Each of the satirists holds in the one hand a thorn from the hawthorn bush or tree and in the other a perforated round stone into which he intones his curse. In the *glám-dichenn*, each of the seven satirists faces toward one of the seven lands and pronounces a maleficent stave, most likely a quatrain, which falls as a burden from the height of the hilltop on some possession of the king: his lands, his arms, his hounds, his battle-dress, his sons, or his wife, while the chief poet or *ollave* curses the king himself.⁴ Once the satiric staves are all said, the seven satirists bury their seven thorns and their seven stones at the base of the hawthorn tree before which they have stood.⁵

³ For a useful translation of that account, see Eugene O'Curry, *On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, ed. W. K. Sullivan (London, 1873, 3 vols.), II, 216-217. See also Fred Norris Robinson, "Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature," *Studies in the History of Religions* (New York, 1912), pp. 95-130; and my article, "Celtic Smiths and Satirists: Partners in Sorcery," *ELH*, VIII (1941), 184-197.

⁴ The *glám-dichenn* seems to have been approximately the reverse of the ancient Irish *lorica* or "breast-plate", the enveloping prayer sometimes called a "Tarnkappe", which petitioned in comprehensive detail for divine protection for every part of the human body and its belongings wherever it might go and whatever it might do. Indeed, the phrase, "Aithirne's *lorica*", seems to have become a sort of kenning for this early incantational satire (Aithirne the Impudent was famous as one of the most ruthless and avaricious of the Celtic satirists).

⁵ This is our most detailed and specific account of how the early Irish satirists incorporated a tree or shrub into their ritual. In most cases, the tree or its wood or thorns or berries appears very casually in close proximity to the satirist, e.g., when the Morrighu announces to CuChullain that she is a female satirist, her companion is carrying "a forked staff of hazelwood" ("The Cattle Raid of Regamna," version by Eleanor Hull from the translation by Ernst Windisch, *Irische Texte*, 2. Ser., II [1887], reprinted in T. P. Cross and C. H. Slover, *Ancient Irish Tales* [New York, 1936], p. 212); and when the three female satirists, "blind of the left eye," await CuChullain on his death-day, "they had cooked on spits of rowan-tree a dog with poisons and spells" ("The Death of

The object of this cumulative magico-satire was always to destroy fertility, bodily beauty, or practical usefulness—to blast lands and trees so that no single green leaf would appear, to cause animals to sicken and die, to cause rivers to reverse their currents so that fish would go elsewhere to spawn, and to mark its human victims with ugly, tell-tale, multi-colored (red, black, and green) scars and blemishes so that they would creep away in shame from their homes to die in exile. So far as we can tell, the chief purpose of the whole bulk of ancient Irish incantational satire was to wreak physical destruction and to destroy human and vegetative fertility in some fashion or other, not instantaneously or even immediately perhaps, but certainly within the space of a twelvemonth. Obviously, these ancient satirists assumed demonic powers to upset "Nature's germins" as well as to control, cripple, and destroy the lesser forces of the individual microcosm; and, from available evidence, it would appear that their professional appurtenances, the white-thorn and the holed stone, were signal aids in such perversion and destruction.

It is not illogical at all that the folk-mind should associate a sharp, pointed thorn or a tree bearing such thorns with incantational pronouncements or "satire"; for the later theoretical, traditional role of sophisticated literary satire is to penetrate and prick the inner consciousness, causing mental irritation and annoyance and a rational awareness of specific shortcomings. Thorns were popularly supposed by the folk to have magic powers because they could so easily lay hold of and prick things. By logical metaphor, a thorn has come to signify anything that causes mental pain and anguish, e.g., "a thorn in the flesh," "a thorn in the side," ". . . thornes that in her bosome lodge" (*Hamlet*, I, iv, 87), and Christ's symbolic Crown of Thorns.⁶ Literary satire still attaches great metaphorical significance to the satirist's sharp, pointed pen which seemingly corresponds at a very

CuChullain," trans. by Whitley Stokes, *Revue Celtique*, III [1877], reprinted in Cross and Slover, *op. cit.*, p. 334). More than three score similar illustrations might be offered.

⁶ Said erroneously in the Middle Ages to have been fashioned of the white-thorn. The famous Glastonbury Thorn-Tree, a white thorn, is said to have grown from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea who fixed it in the ground on Christmas Day. The staff immediately rooted and flourished and put forth a wealth of milk-white blossoms the following day. It will be recalled that James I paid lavishly for cuttings of the Glastonbury Thorn-Tree. According to Germanic folklore, the Devil also has affinity with the thorn-tree and always carries a good stout walking staff of thorn wood, while Indian folklore has it that a tree of torture, the Hantakadruma or Tree of Thorns, with great red flowers and large, strong thorns grows in Hell. Near this tree dwells the Hindu God of Death (see Alexander Porteous, *Forest Folklore, Mythology, and Romance* [New York, 1928], pp. 201-202; 209, and 257).

great distance to the white-thorns of the ancient Celtic satirists. In the formal satires of Lodge, Hall, and Marston in the English Renaissance, for instance, the cloven pen-nib of the satirist spouted hot aconite, oil, and fire, and cut ugly, ineradicable gashes in its victim's flesh. Sometimes it became a surgeon's probing scalpel, a branding iron, a flail, or cauterizing instrument. Pietro Aretino's "black pen" was especially famous among English satirists as a sharp instrument for the infliction of physical pain and punishment.⁷

But the inclusion of the seven single thorns and of the thorn-tree itself in the *glám-dichenn* ritual probably symbolized considerably more than simply the infliction of sharp pain; for the prime purpose of ancient Irish satire, be it not forgotten, was to destroy the fertility, beauty, usefulness, and even the life of the enemy and of all of his possessions. The white-thorn, itself, moreover, seems to have been a recognized symbol of fertility. This story from the *Vedas* concentrates the Indo-European folkloristic background of the whole European thorn-tree family and explains why the thorn-tree is forever associated with a fertility cult: a falcon (really the great Agni or Ignis, god of lightning and of altar-fires) once injudiciously tried to bring down to earth some of the *Soma* or *Amrita*, the heavenly beverage which conferred immortality on its drinkers. An arrow shot by a watchful demon of the upper air grazed the falcon, who lost a claw and a feather, both of which fell to earth and took root. The claw became a thorn; the feather, a divine tree with red sap, red flowers, and red berries, with the entire tree—root, sap, thorns, blossoms, berries, and all—impregnated with the precious liquid of life, fire, and fertility. In India, this Sacred Thorn-Tree is known as the *palasa* or *parna* tree; in Europe its representatives are the white-thorn and the black-thorn,⁸ the rowan or mountain-ash, and the hazel, all celebrated as "trees of life" with extensive curative and protective powers and as the sources of good fire-sticks for kindling

⁷ Cf. my article, "The Medical Concept in English Renaissance Satiric Theory: Its Possible Relationships and Implications," *SP*, XXXVIII (1941), 145-147.

⁸ The white-thorn and the black-thorn are traditionally famous family enemies, reputedly jealous of each other because they are the prime European representatives of the Sacred Thorn-Tree. Neither will flourish near the other because of their inherent lack of agreement. In cases of prolonged struggle, the white-thorn always survives and the black-thorn dies. (The black-thorn's own special domain is the Isle of Man.) Jacob Grimm wrote of this family antipathy in his *Deutsche Mythologie* (Göttingen, 1835, 3 vols.), III, 471, (*Aberglaube* 972): ". . . eiche und nussbaum haben wilderwillen gegen einander, und können nicht zusammen stehn, ohne zu verdenben. Ebenso schwarzdorn und weissdorn: stehn sie zusammen, so behalt die weissdorn allemal die oberhand, der schwarzdorn geht aus."

sacred fires and torches.⁹ (As has been variously remarked, sacred or magic trees are not infrequently the smaller, shrublike trees.)

Because these trees are supposedly descended to earth from the god of lightning, they are all regarded as being incarnations of lightning and consequently as possessing supernatural powers and "tracting supernatural beings to themselves."¹⁰ So much lore of this sort accumulated about these trees, in fact, that to this day there exists an active and extensive thorn-tree cult in Ireland, England, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Brittany, much of which cult-lore has been very lately reviewed by W. W. Gill and M. Hope Dodds in a series of *Notes and Queries* articles¹¹ seemingly inspired by the publication of Dr. Vaughn Cornish's book, *Historic Thorn Trees in the British Isles* (London, 1941).¹² Here it will be needful to remark only those traditional qualities and characteristics of the thorn-tree which may have some explanatory bearing on its connection with the malefic verses of the ancient Irish satirists.

Most prominent, of course, is the association of the thorn-tree with lightning and fire. It is common belief in some regions, West Sussex for instance, that thorn-trees afford certain protection from lightning. Thorn-tree branches are burned in the Beltane or May-Day fires¹³ to celebrate the rebirth of the summer sun and the disappearance of winter darkness and of vegetative sterility. Tradition has it that the thorn-tree's scarlet berries, its thorns, and its blos-

⁹ Walter K. Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore* (London, 1863), pp. 158-159.

¹⁰ The fairies' favorite resting-place is said to have been beneath the hawthorn tree. Donald A. Mackenzie (*op. cit.*, p. 136) quotes Alexander Montgomerie, the Scottish poet (1556?-1610?) as referring in his *Flying betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart* (pub. 1621) to the witches who "nine times withershins about the thorne raid".

¹¹ W. W. Gill, "Old Thorn-Trees," *N. & Q.*, CLXXXI (1941), 282-283; "Old Thorn-Trees and Thorn-Lore," *N. & Q.*, CLXXXII (1942), 282-286; 296-298; and M. Hope Dodds, "Old Thorn Trees, and Thorn-Lore," *N. & Q.*, CLXXXII (1942), 200-201. These articles constitute a fairly comprehensive survey of the ancient thorn-cult.

¹² Reviewed in *N. & Q.*, CLXXXI (1941), 140. Dr. Cornish compiled a descriptive catalogue of the celebrated sacred thorn-trees of the British Isles.

¹³ Cf. J. H. Hardiman (ed.), *Irish Minstrelsy, or Bardic Remains of Ireland: With English Poetical Translations* (London, 1831, 2 vols.), I, 340-341. Evidently the black-thorn might not be burned by the Celt, e.g., this lay of Iubdan in "The Death of Fergus MacLeide," (ca. 1100 and ostensibly from or at least connected with the Ulster cycle), trans. by Standish Hayes O'Grady, *Silva Gadelica* (London, 1892), and reprinted in Cross and Slover, *op. cit.*, p. 480:

... The surly backthorn is a wanderer, and a wood that the artificer burns not; throughout his body, though it be scanty, birds in their flocks warble . . . The graceful tree with the berries, the wizards' tree, the rowan, burn; . . . Alder, very battle-witch of all woods, tree that is hottest in the fight—undoubtedly burnt at thy discretion both the alder and the whitethorn.

soms shall be cut only when the rays of the morning-sun first strike them, hence a possible reason for the pronouncement of the *glám-dichenn* at dawn as well as for the early rising of youths and maidens on May morning to bring in the white-thorn blossoms and the rowan¹⁴ garlands for May Day, the great festival day of fertility. In ancient Rome, thorn branches were burned in the torches of marriage processions; and wedding-companies in Britain danced about thorn-trees on village greens not too long ago.

The white-thorn was especially sacred and efficacious, of course, if it stood alone in the center of a barrow or tumulus, above a spring or well, or on a hill-top. Even the peculiar fragrance of its blossoms, which could be smelled for long distances and which some persons have said smelled exactly like the Great Plague of London, had very marked curative and restorative powers. Ailing persons often crept to these springs or Thorn-Wells and gratefully hung bits of multi-colored cloth (their bandages?) on the thorn-tree branches.¹⁵

So vigorous and persistent, indeed, is the connection between the thorn-tree and both human and vegetative health and fertility that this extravagant anecdote by John Benett-Stanford is printed in the December 6, 1941, *Notes and Queries*:

... The whole property around belonged to Sir Thomas Grove. . . . One day, when short of firewood, he [the

¹⁴ Various folklorists, Jacob Grimm, for instance, have conjectured that the name "rowan" has some etymological connection with the word "rune" and signifies the magical nature of the tree. Folk superstitions, Scottish ones in particular, maintain that witches have no power where there is "roan-tree" wood, especially a stout "roan-tree" cudgel, and that one can fend off well-nigh any evil with a cross of the wood or a necklace of rowan berries strung on red thread. The most tragic tale of the Finn cycle, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," turns in large part on the irresistible longing of Finn and the pregnant Grainne to eat the scarlet berries of a quicken (rowan) tree left by the Tuatha De Danann. Cf. also the account of the herdsmen's ceremony of "quickening" the calves by striking them with branches of rowan tree (Kelly, *op. cit.*, pp. 160-162). Both rowan and mistletoe were given in a potion or drench to cattle to make them fruitful. See Henderson, *op. cit.*, pp. 180-185, "The Rowan as the Tree of Life."

¹⁵ Mackinlay notes (*op. cit.*, p. 191): "A contributor to *Notes and Queries* in 1876 observes: 'The custom of hanging shreds of rags on trees as votive offerings still obtains in Ireland. I remember as a child to have been surreptitiously taken by an Irish nurse to St. John's Well, Aghada, County Cork, on the vigil of the saint's day, to be cured of whooping-cough by drinking three times of the water of the holy well. I shall never forget the strange spectacle of men and women, creeping on their knees in voluntary devotion, or in obedience to enjoined penance, so many times around the well, which was protected by a grey stone hood, and had a few white thorn trees growing near it, on the spines of which fluttered innumerable shreds of frieze and vary-coloured rags, the votive offerings of devotees and patients.'" In some places, the cure was supposed to have been accomplished by the time the cloth had rotted away.

son, Walter Grove,] went up with a horse and axe, cut down the scrag [the thorn-tree], and hauled it back. The result of this in the village was that no chicken would lay eggs, no cow would have a calf, and no women would have babies.

One day, however, a village woman came to Walter Grove and told him it was his fault for cutting down the scrag. He promptly went up and planted a new scrag where he had cut down the former one. What was the result? Swarms of rabbits, every cow had a calf, and every woman had a baby within seven months; very old but true.¹⁶

Since from very early times the white-thorn and certain related trees have thus been symbols of light and life and consequently of fecundity and immortality, it would seem that Irish satirists must have been utilizing sympathetic or homoeopathic magic in their ritualistic use of the white-thorn tree and its thorns to help them blast and destroy human and vegetative fertility.

The significance of the holed or perforated stone is not quite so clear as that of the white thorn. Like the hollowed stone, the perforated stone has always been regarded with special veneration by Celtic peoples and used an an oath-stone or cursing-stone. Mackinlay notes that these rare stones were often used in the same way as charm-stones or the treasured stone-balls:

Perforated stones were formerly much esteemed as amulets. If a stone with a hole in it were tied to the key of a stable door, it would prevent the witches from stealing the horses. Pre-historic relics of this kind were much used to ward off malign influences from cattle, or to cure diseases caused by the fairies. . . .¹⁷

and Professor T. Gwynn Jones says that in seaboard Welsh villages holed stones or perforated beach pebbles are still placed on window-sills and on either side of door-steps, a custom which he surmises must be a charm-survival.¹⁸

The holed or perforated stone, however, remains something of a mystery to archaeologists and folklorists. Professor Charles Plummer chronicled the fact that native Irish legends sometimes suggest that the holes were pierced by some saint's finger; but Plummer,

¹⁶ "Old Thorn-Trees N. & Q., CLXXXI (1941), 320-321.

¹⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 255.

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 176. See Sir George Lawrence Gomme, *Folklore as an Historical Science* (London, 1908), p. 198, on oval stones in West Ireland churches.

himself, observes that they may have had a sexual significance.¹⁹ With the same idea in mind, British folklorist George Long recently wrote of certain perforated stones near Holy Wells in England:

Equally obvious as a female symbol was a perforated stone, or any cleft or hole in the earth from which water flowed; so that the well was the natural emblem of the earth goddess from whence came the life-giving water.²⁰

It seems possible, even very likely, that the thorn was used in some ritualistic connection with the holed stone. Possibly the satirist passed the thorn through the perforated stone as he chanted his destructive lines into the stone. Sir James G. Frazer notes this almost identical ritual used for fertility-blasting purposes by the wizards of New Caledonia: the wizard repeatedly passes a burning brand into the hole of a disc-shaped stone in order to create a drought, saying the meanwhile: "I kindle the sun, in order that he may eat up the clouds and dry up our land, so that it may produce nothing."²¹ A somewhat similar ancient Irish ritual seems to have been associated with the 'thumb of knowledge,' i.e., inserting the thumb or forefinger in the mouth and intoning the incantation through the aperture thus created, a procedure very likely related to the powerful Irish rituals, *dichetal do chennaib* and *imbas forosna*.²²

If the white thorn and the perforated stone were used together by the ancient Irish satirists in any such way as I have suggested—and it seems altogether likely that there must be some such explanation as this for the ritual described in the *Book of Ballymote*—then the thorn may also have been buried in the aperture of the stone to remain as a permanent, tangible hex on the growth and fertility of the object satirized. Cursing-stones or tablets, of course, are usually buried at the spot where the curse is pronounced. Thin cursing-

¹⁹ *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae* (Oxford, 1910, 2 vols.), "Introduction," I, clvii.

²⁰ *The Folklore Calendar* (London, 1930), p. 86. Kelly (*op. cit.*, pp. 156-157) notes the ancient practice of dragging ailing persons through clefts in trees, hedges, church-walls, etc., which he, together with other folklorists, thinks symbolizes the new birth of a patient who, coming naked into the world again, leaves his former weaknesses behind him. "Perforated rocks are considered as emblems of the *yoni* [the figure or symbol of the female organ of generation, revered by the Hindus] through which pilgrims and others pass for the purpose of being regenerated."

²¹ *The Golden Bough* (New York, 1927, abridged ed.), p. 78.

²² Robert D. Scott, *The Thumb of Knowledge in Legends of Finn, Sigurd, and Taliesin: Studies in Celtic and French Literature* (New York, 1930), pp. 108, 271.

tablets, especially ones of lead, are often doubled over and transfixed by a nail or a sharp, piercing object so that the enclosed curse will of a certainty not go astray from its intended victim.²³ In the *Book of Ballymote*, we are not told anything of how the Irish satirists buried their thorns and stones at the base of the thorn-tree; but, if the theory of their fertility symbolism has any validity at all, then each of the satirists probably buried the thorn within the aperture of the holed stone.

At this distance of time, of course, it is possible for the scholar only to collect and order such scant and fragmentary materials as are available and to conjecture as best he can concerning the methods and efficacy of this early Irish satire, preserved to us in its incantational or pre-literary stages as is the satire of no other literature. Whatever can be learned or even apprehended of its destructive intent and the ritual through which that intent operated contributes to our understanding of later literary satire which still trails, even in its latest and most sophisticated forms, certain visible and identifiable vestiges and characteristics of its incantational prototypes.²⁴

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²³ W. Sherwood Fox, "Cursing as a Fine Art," *Sewanee Review*, XXVIII (1919), 460-477.

²⁴ The materials for this note were collected in part at Harvard University during my tenure of the Hill Fellowship of the American Association of University Women.

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THE CAREER OF A REVIVAL HYMN

by

Hans Nathan

"One of the maddening Second Advent tunes,"¹ as one contemporary in the 'forties called it, was "Old Church Yard."² It was heard in the camp meetings of the Millerites, those ecstasies and hysterics who were expecting the immediate coming of Christ and his taking bloody vengeance on the sinners. Their leader, William Miller, predicted from the Bible with certainty that 1843 would be the year of the Second Advent.

The "Old Church Yard" is not a hymn for solemn audiences, sitting devoutly in their pews. It is a tune to be dinned into the ears; it calls forth responsive swayings and roarings.³ The tune is as follows:

1. You will see your Lord a coming, You will see your Lord a
coming, You will see your Lord a coming: While the old church-
yards Hear the band of music, hear the band of music, hear the
band of music Which is sounding thro' the air

2. Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, etc.
Through the old church-yards,
While the band of music, etc.
Shall be sounding through the air.

3. He'll awake all the nations, etc.
From the old church-yard, etc.

¹ *Story of the Hutchinsons* by John W. Hutchinson, Boston, 1896, I, 77.

² Republished in George P. Jackson's new book *Down-East Spirituals and Others*. After this paper had been written, I had an opportunity to study Jackson's publication. In a number of footnotes, subsequently added, I shall refer to his commentary and musical examples.

³ See *Days of Delusion* by Clara Endicott Sears, Boston, 1924, pp. 136 and 183.

4. There will be a mighty wailing, etc.
At the old church-yards, etc.
5. O Sinner, you will tremble, etc.
At the old church-yards, etc.
6. You will flee to rocks and mountains, etc.
From the old church-yards, etc.
7. You will see the saints arising, etc.
8. Angels bear them to the Savior, etc.
9. Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, etc.⁴

Instead of dignity it possesses propelling rhythmic force—something very worldly indeed and very immediate. Its jubilance is not of the mystic kind; it is a sort of bread-and-butter optimism, if we may say so, which—brought into relief by rasping and gasping voices—fired the imagination of unsophisticated minds. It has qualities indispensable to popularity: short recurrent phrases, small compass, one rhythmic pattern underlying the whole song, and an artless and seemingly “natural” melodic outline. The downward direction of the opening makes the start easy for the lazy singer before he is “warmed up.” Another clever structural feature is the gradual increase in intensity, so that by the time the refrain is reached the line swings out more freely. The somewhat formal pentatonicity of the beginning changes in the refrain to a bright “popular” major.⁵

“Old Church Yard” is not an isolated specimen of its kind. The melody and rhythm of its refrain (“Hear the band . . .”) follow a much used hymn formula.⁶ The repetition of notes at the beginning, with their vigorous trochaic accentuation, occurs similarly, though less conspicuously, in other revival hymns. The manner in which

⁴ From *Millennial Harp* by J. V. Himes, Boston, 1846. (There exists also an earlier edition. See C. E. Sears, *op. cit.*, 183). The same hymn, without music, in *Hymns Designed for Campmeetings*, published by Alvan Ward, Ashburnham, 1842 (copy in Houghton Library, Cambridge, Mass.) and in *Second Advent Hymns*, published by Eld. G. F. Sanborn, Bristol, R. I., 1842 (copy in Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.)

⁵ Jackson, *op. cit.*, p. 216, gives some variants of the words of “Old Church Yard,” published after the Second Advent did not materialize in 1843 and 1844.

⁶ See Jackson, *op. cit.*, chorus of No. 270 (as pointed out by Jackson, pp. 215 and 257); beginning of No. 223; chorus of Nos. 249 and 253.

the melodic line tends towards a central tone from above and below is also a feature of the style.⁷

Northern Europe seems to have helped to formulate this idiom. Despite the great difference between the nostalgic Irish songs of nature and the more primitive revival hymns, the kinship of many Irish tunes with that of the "Old Church Yard" is noticeable, as in these passages from "Lady Carbury" and "The Ugly Thief."⁸ The song owed nothing to the Shaker hymns, although these were much closer at hand than any importation.

The text of the "Old Church Yard" consists of stock phrases of the Second Advent gospel. The picture that it presents of the end of the world was a stereotyped feature of revivalist imagination.⁹

With the year 1841 the "Old Church Yard" ceased to be merely the song of a sect. In new garb it set out to invade other spheres. This phase in its history began when, stimulated by the model of the Tyrolese Rainers, the vogue of singing families got under way. One of the most active and successful was the Hutchinson Family of New Hampshire.

They were originally farmers. As a quartet or trio they toured the country. Taking a lively interest in every imaginative trend of their time, they were abolitionists, religious socialists, spiritualists, teetotalers, fellow-travelers of William Miller, and what not. About

⁷ Jackson, *op. cit.*, chorus of No. 214 (as pointed out by Jackson, p. 215); chorus of No. 290; No. 245; beginning of No. 223; beginning of No. 270 (see footnote 6); chorus of No. 285.

⁸ Nos. 357 and 16 in *Old Irish Folkmusic and Songs* by P. W. Joyce, Dublin, 1909. See also Jackson, *op. cit.*, p. 216

⁹ See Jackson, *op. cit.*, Nos. 222, 283, 285. Also "A Scene Of The Last Day" by William Miller in *The Second Advent Library*, I, published by Joshua V. Himes, Boston, 1842.

1841 brother Jesse, who for some time had lived separately from the family as the owner of a tin and hardware store in Lynn, came to a family gathering in the homestead in Milford, New Hampshire. He brought with him the words of the "Old Granite State," set to the tune of the "Old Church Yard." It was tried out by the whole family. After Jesse had convinced them that "this song would make a hit," it was accepted as their theme song.¹⁰ From then on they sang it regularly at the conclusion of their concerts.

The "Old Church Yard" was easy to transform into a secular tune because in many ways it was one already. If sung by balanced voices and associated with fresh air and a youthful spirit, it could well pass as a mountain folk tune:¹¹

We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
Of the "Old Granite State."

We're a band of brothers, etc.
And we live among the hills,

With a band of music, etc.
We are passing round the world.

We have left our aged parents, etc.
In the "Old Granite State."

We obtain'd their blessing, etc.
And we bless them in return,

Good old fashioned singers, etc.
They can make the air resound.

We have eight other Brothers,
And of Sisters, just another,
Besides our Father, and our Mother,
In the "Old Granite State."

With our present number,
There are fifteen in the tribe;
Thirteen sons and daughters,
And their history we bring.

¹⁰ John W. Hutchinson, *op. cit.*, II, 297.

¹¹ Published in 1843 as one of the first sheets issued by the Hutchinsons. Re-published in *Songs of Yesterday* by Philip D. Jordan and Lillian Kessler, New York, 1941.

Yes, while the air is ringing,
With their wild mountain singing,
We the news to you are bringing,
From the "Old Granite State."

'Tis the tribe of Jesse, etc.
And their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy, (aniah)
Caleb, Joshua, Jesse, and Beny, (jamin)
Judson, Rhoda, John, and Asa,
And Abbe, are our names:

We're the sons of Mary,
Of the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address ye,
With our native mountain song.

We are all real Yankees, etc.
From the "Old Granite State,"

And by prudent guessing, etc.
We shall whittle through the world.

Liberty is our motto,
Liberty is our motto,
Equal liberty is our motto
In the "Old Granite State."

We despise oppression, etc.
And we cannot be enslaved.

Yes, we're friends of emancipation,
And we'll sing the proclamation
Till it echoes through our nation
From the "Old Granite State"

That the tribe of Jesse, etc.
Are the friends of equal rights.

We are all Washingtonians,
Yes, we're all Washingtonians,
Heav'n bless the Washingtonians
Of the "Old Granite State"

We are all teetotalers, etc.
And have sign'd the Temp'rance pledge.

Now three cheers altogether,
Shout Columbia's people ever,
Yankee hearts none can sever,
In the "Old Sister States."

Like our Sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the Heavens o'er us
Shall rebound the loud hussa.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! etc.
For the "Old Granite State."

Jesse was clever enough to have all the prominent passages, the title, the first stanza and the refrain follow the popular original. The idea of composing "Hurrahs" was probably suggested by a song of the Rainer Family.¹² Occasionally stanzas were improvised on the spot.¹³ This happened at an anti-slavery meeting between January 25 and 27, 1842, in Faneuil Hall in Boston. While Wendell Phillips spoke, Jesse wrote some new verses fitting the occasion. As soon as he had finished, "the four brothers," Judson, Asa, John, and Jesse in the place of Abby, "rushed to his place and took up the argument where he had left it."¹⁴

On their tour through England modifications of the text were necessitated by circumstances. The concluding stanzas ran this way:

Though we're neither politicians,
Lawyers, parsons, or physicians,
Yet define we our positions,
In the Old and New World, etc.

And we're friends of emancipation
In its broadest acceptation,
This we sing through every nation,
From the Old Granite State.

We are all friends of freedom
And will plead the right of all,
Men should love each other,
Nor let hatred smother
Every man's a brother
And our country is the world.¹⁵

Four years later, after some changes in the family had occurred, the second and third stanzas were sung thus:

¹² "The Sailor Boy's Carol" in *The Celebrated Melodies of the Rainer Family*, Boston, 1841. This song was in the repertoire of the Hutchinson Family (see playbill of Sept. 24, 1842, Melodeon, Boston; copy in the Theatre Collection of Harvard University).

¹³ Jesse frequently supplied the quartet with new verses, which though plain and even crude, had more local color than did much of the highbrow literature of his time.

¹⁴ John W. Hutchinson, *op. cit.*, I, 77.

¹⁵ *The Granite Songster*, Boston, 1847.

Our dear father's gone before us,
 And hath joined the heavenly chorus,
 Yet his spirit hovers o'er us
 As we sing the family song.
 Oft he comes to hear us,
 And his love doth cheer us,
 Yes, 'tis ever near us,
 When we battle against the wrong.

We have four other brothers,
 And two sisters, and aged mother;
 Some at home near each other;
 Some are wandering far away.
 With our present number
 There are thirteen in the tribe;
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 And our several names we sing.¹⁶

The following stanzas are probably early, too:

Party threats are not alarming
 For when music ceases charming,
 We can earn our bread at farming
 In the Old Granite State.
 We're a band of farmers, etc.
 And we love to till the soil.

Oh, we love the rocks and mountains, etc.
 Of the Old Granite State.
 Pointing up to heaven, etc.
 They are beacon lights to man.¹⁷

The latter stanza is derived from one of the "Old Church Yard." More stanzas were added later. One of them reads:

Yes, "Equal Suffrage" is our motto,
 And we'll sing as freemen ought to.
 Till it rings through glen and grotto
 As it echoes 'round the world, etc.¹⁸

It was doubtless written by John and performed by him and his family—"the tribe of John"—at a woman's rights convention in Kansas during the late 'sixties.

¹⁶ *The Hutchinson Family's Book of Words*, New York, 1851.

¹⁷ John W. Hutchinson, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 299 and 300; also in *The Hutchinson Family's Advent*, edited by John W. Hutchinson, Kansas, 1867 (in the Hutchinson *Memorabilia* in the Lynn Historical Society, Lynn, Mass.).

¹⁸ *The Hutchinson Family's Advent*. There are also several late stanzas, not printed here, in John W. Hutchinson, *op. cit.*, II, 300.

"The Old Granite State" became a folksong. For about thirty years it was widely sung. As a popular "air" it served many new verses. One of the earliest adaptations appeared in the *Liberty Minstrel* of 1844, opening with

We are coming; we are coming
Freedom's battle is begun.¹⁹

In its original version it appeared in the *Rough and Ready Songster*, a collection of verses on the Mexican War, published in the late 'forties; with new words, in many campaign songsters such as the *Whig Songs* of 1852,²⁰ the *Republican Songster* of 1856,²¹ to mention only a few at random. There is also a new version in the *Connecticut Wide Awake Songster* of 1860,²² edited by John W. Hutchinson. A year later, as the air of a prospective national anthem it was submitted to the Committee upon a National Hymn, but like all the others failed to get the prize.²³

It was included in a number of temperance songsters.²⁴ One version is worth quoting because of its oddity; it is from the *Young Volunteer Campaign Melodist* and reads

The Young Volunteers are coming,
The Brave Home Guard Boys are coming,
The heroic Girls are coming,
With the Cold Water Pledge!

We're a band of workers,
We're a band of talkers,
We're a band of singers.
And we'll sound it through the land.²⁵

That "The Old Granite State" crops up in progressive publications of the time is understandable. But its appearance, though with non-committal text in the vicious copperhead songster *Ballads of Freedom*²⁶ is rather surprising, but is also definite evidence of its popularity.

¹⁹ Edited by George W. Clark, New York, 1844.

²⁰ Obtainable in the Boston Public Library.

²¹ Obtainable in the Boston Public Library.

²² Obtainable in Harvard University Library.

²³ See *National Hymns* by Richard Grant White, New York, 1861.

²⁴ See also Jackson, *op. cit.*, p. 216.

²⁵ Edited by Sidney Herbert, Boston, 1864.

²⁶ Published by J. N. Feeks, New York, 1864.

"The Old Granite State" became a model for several other songs. P. S. Gilmore's "We are coming, Father Abram, three hundred thousand more . . ." ²⁷ is a late example:

We are coming, Father Abram, three hundred thousand more, From
 We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear, With
 missis-sippi's winding stream and from New England's shore; We dare not
 hearts too full for ut-ter-ance, with but a si-lent fear;
 Look be-hind us, but steadfastly be-fore, We are coming, Father
 Abram, three hundred thousand more.

Did the opening words suggest the musical style of the whole? Its middle section is strongly related to "The Old Granite State," but the beginning is reminiscent rather of a derivative, composed by the Bakers, who were another well-known singing family from the White Mountains. As early as 1847 they plagiarized the now proverbial beginning of "The Old Granite State" for their own family song "The Mountaineer's Farewell": ²⁸

I have come from the mountains of the "Old Granite
 State," where the hills are so lofty magni-ficent and
 great (etc.)

²⁷ Boston, 1862.

²⁸ Words and music by John C. Baker, of the Bakers. Boston, 1847 (copy in the Theatre Collection of Harvard University).

The theme songs of the two New Hampshire families, the Hutchinsons and the Bakers, were often confused. In the *Riverside Song-book*²⁹ a song, called "November," is marked as an adaptation of "The Old Granite State" and attributed to Judson Hutchinson; actually it is the song of the Bakers. A lengthy discussion under "Notes and Queries" in the *Boston Transcript* of 1905 and 1906³⁰ reveals that a few years later people could hardly remember the Hutchinsons' song and were liable to confuse it with its rival "The Mountaineer's Farewell." Even in a modern popular edition the Bakers' tune, beginning with the words "We have come with joyful greetings," is marked as a composition by Jesse Hutchinson.³¹

"The Old Granite State" invaded many walks of life. A year after the Hutchinsons' edition had come out, there appeared one by the burnt-cork minstrel troupe Georgia Champions, which was a brazen paraphrase of its forerunner:³²

THE BAND OF NIGGERS!
From "Ole Virginny State"

Don't you hear the banjo coming! etc.
From de old Virginny state;
We're a family of niggers, etc.
And our story we'll relate.
With a band of music, etc.
We are going thro' the world.

We have left our father Cuffee, etc.
In de ole Virginny state;
We've obtained his banjo, etc.
And his ole Jaw bone, etc.

Dere is music in dis Nigger, etc.
When he's gwoing de big figure,
On de old oak plank;
Your temper wouldn't ruffle,
Your applause you wouldn't muffle,
Did you see our double shuffle,
On de ole oak plank. etc.

²⁹ Boston, 1893.

³⁰ December to April. Mrs. Edith K. Raymond, formerly of the Theatre Collection of Harvard University, kindly called my attention to this article series.

³¹ *The Robbins Mammoth Collection of Famous Children's Songs*, p. 174.

³² *The Georgia Melodies*, Boston, 1844.

We hab Twenty leben broders,
 And Lebenteen sisters,
 And dere all as black as niggers
 In ole Virginny state;
 'Tis the tribe of Cuffee, etc.
 And their names I relate. etc.

Caesar, Cuffee, Jake and Josey,
 Sambo, Pomp, and Nigger Nosey,
 Dandy Jim, Zip Coon and Rosey,
 And they're all wide awake.
 Rose and Dinah both so pretty,
 Lucy, Phillis, and Miss Kitty,
 Ole Aunt Sarah she's so witty
 About her there's no mistake.
 With our band of music, etc.
 And our old Jaw bone.

Uncle Gabriel plays de fiddle,
 Zip Coon he makes de riddle,
 Bone Squash is in de middle,
 And dis Nigger plays de bones.
 While the Banjo and Triangle,
 With the Cymbals jingle jangle,
 And Big Drums so neat we handle,
 'Tis a sin to Uncle Jones.
 With our band of music, etc.
 We can make the air resound.

Now three cheers altogether, etc.
 For ole Virginny State.
 Like de niggers gone before us,
 We will swell the Chorus,
 And de white folks will anchor us
 With a loud hurrah.
 Chah! Chah!! Chah!!!
 Like de niggers gone before us,
 We will swell de Chorus
 Till de heavens o'er us,
 Will rebound de loud Chah!

The minstrels used the song still in the late 'fifties;³³ it is very likely that the George Christy's Minstrels sang it in their "Hutchinson Family Burlesque" as late as 1865.³⁴

³³ See a version in the *Abridged Edition of Howe's New American Banjo School*, Boston, 1859.

³⁴ See playbill of December 16, 1865 (copy in the Theatre Collection of Harvard University).

Along with other gospel hymns, "Old Church Yard" finally became a negro spiritual. The colored people of Lowndes County, Alabama, whose cultural standard in 1900 differed but little from that in ante-bellum days, knew the following version of the hymn:³⁵

Love to hear my basso, O y' Love to hear my basso, y'
Love to hear my basso In dat ol' church above, O what a
band ob min-sic, O what a band ob min-sic, O what a
band ob min-sic go sounding through the Lan'

2. I love to hear good singing
In dat ol' church above. etc.
3. I love to hear good preaching, etc.
4. I have a robe in glory, etc.
5. I love to meet my elder, etc.

The words of the original refrain had been preserved. "Old Church Yard" had been replaced by the similarly sounding "ol' church above." The rest of the words are considerably simplified and, in the first and second stanzas, reduced to the general theme of singing and music. This may have been suggested by "The Old Granite State" or its minstrel version, which in their refrains and the character of their performance emphasized just this idea. The spiritual is no longer really identical with the revival hymn, though it is a recognizable variant. In assimilating itself to the style of other negro spirituals, it had taken on new features. Compared with its model, its rhythm is freer and its emotional content richer; there is—considering its harmonized version—that peculiar blend of sensuality and devotion which is a characteristic of all negro spirituals.

³⁵ Calhoun, *Plantation Songs*, collected and edited by Emily Hallowell, Boston, 1901.

Boston, Massachusetts.

MORON STORIES

by

Levette Jay Davidson

Styles in humorous stories are usually more obscure in origin and more uncertain in duration than the changes in women's hats. Like an attack of influenza humorous species such as the comparatively recent "Knock-knock-who's-there" riddles, the "Confucius say" admonitions, and the "Little Audrey" stories sweep across the nation and then die unnoticed. Perhaps the most pervasive form of American folklore, the humorous story certainly deserves the attention of at least a few students of our national characteristics and mores. Rarely, however, are these ephemeral anecdotes collected and preserved in print.

The moron story, a fairly recent variety, has almost finished its life cycle. Beginning a year or two ago it flourished especially among public school children and college students, occasionally finding its way into print. According to available testimony, such stories were current in the East a few months before they appeared in the Rocky Mountain region, and did not reach the Pacific coast until still later. Some areas, I have been told, have not as yet been visited by this epidemic.

The first moron tales that I heard, in July, 1941, included the following one, which may be regarded as typical: Two morons were fishing. They pulled in lots of fish. In the evening one said, "You'd better mark this place." When they got to the pier, the first one asked, "Did you mark it?" "Yes, I put a cross on the side of the boat just over the fishing hole." "You fool. How do we know that we'll get this boat tomorrow?"

About the same time a visitor from New York told me this one: Two morons were about to drive across a river. The first asked, "Did you see if the water is deep?" The second answered, "It isn't deep." They started across and their car sank in the water. The first moron said, "I thought you said it wasn't deep." The second replied (showing), "Well, it only comes up to here on a duck."

These stories, like all folklore, are circulated in versions which are constantly changing. Here is the way I first heard the following tale: There were two morons. One wanted some beer to drink. He said to the other, "Here's my hat; go get a quarter's worth of beer."

After the hat was full, the second moron said to the bartender, "There's some left; turn the hat over and fill the brim." Another version is: Two morons had just twenty-eight cents and one of them offered to go to buy some beer. When he returned with it in the brim of his hat, the other moron exclaimed, "That isn't very much for twenty-eight cents." His companion replied, "But just wait until you see what I have in the other side." Then he turned the hat over.

Usually the morons are engaged in common experiences, but they seem to lack the common sense necessary for success. For example: Two morons were hanging a picture on the wall. One was trying to drive in the nail head-first. "Hold on," said the second, "That nail will have to go into the opposite wall." A variation is that the moron answered, when asked why he was throwing away half of the nails, that the heads were on the wrong end. The following is another example of the lack of common sense: Two morons were nailing shingles on a roof. One slipped and caught the other's leg. The second moron also slipped and caught his hammer on the eaves trough. He said, "Let go of my leg or I'll hit you over the head with my hammer."

Sometimes the situation is too absurd to be plausible, as in these: There were three morons in swimming. The first said, "I wish it was Tuesday." The second said, "I wish it was Tuesday." The third said, "I wish it was Tuesday, too." A bystander asked them why, and they answered, "Because there would be water in the pool if it was Tuesday." One moron asked another, "What would happen if I cut off one of my ears?" The second replied, "You couldn't hear." The first asked, "What if I cut off both ears?" The second replied, "You couldn't see." "Why not?" asked the first. "Your hat would fall down over your eyes."

Frequently the logic is impeccable but some vital element has been overlooked, as in the following: Two morons were painting a house. The one on the ground asked the one on the ladder, "Have you a good hold on your brush?" "Yes, why?" "Because I am going to take away the ladder," replied the first. A moron in an upper story window called to another on the ground, "How can I get down?" The second answered, "I'll turn on my flashlight and you can slide down the beam." "Nothing doing," said the first. "When I got about half way down, you'd turn it off, and then what would I do?" It was a logical moron, also, who was looking for a dime under the street

light. When asked if he had dropped it there, he replied, "No. I lost it back a piece, but the light is better here."

At other times the moron is just plain dumb. The moron who got off the train was terribly car sick; he said that he had ridden all the way sitting backward. Another moron said, "Why didn't you ask the person in the seat opposite to you to change with you for a while?" The first moron replied, "I thought of that, but there wasn't anyone in the seat opposite to mine." Even dumber, if possible, was the moron who called up the game warden to ask what games he could play at his party. Quite reasonable was the second moron in the following: One moron asked another, "Do you know the alphabet?" "Yes," replied the second. "What letter comes after A?" asked the first. The second moron answered, "All of them."

Some of these jokes are based upon puns: One moron asked another who kept reaching for things, "Haven't you got a tongue?" "Yes," replied the second, "but my arms are longer." One moron soldier asked another, "Did you get a commission?" "No," was the answer, "I'm a poor shot; I work for straight salary."

A timely subject appears in the following: There were three morons talking about what they wanted to be. One said, "A doctor;" another, "A scientist." The third said, "A vitamin." The others said, "You can't be a vitamin." "Sure I can. Haven't you seen those signs, 'Vitamin B-1'?"

Equally absurd is the following dialogue: First Moron—"Guess what is in this sack of oranges." Second Moron—"Apples?" First Moron—"No." Second Moron—"Peaches?" "No." "Bananas?" "No. Bananas are this color." And the first moron measured out with his hands the length of bananas. A similar obtuseness is apparent in this one: Two morons wanted to keep from mixing up their horses, which they put in the same pasture. So the first moron notched one of his horse's ears. That mark was no good, for the other horse notched his accidentally on the barbwire fence. Then the first moron docked the tail of his horse. But the other horse got his docked when he accidentally caught it in the gate. Finally the second moron suggested that they didn't need to mark the horses, for his white horse was a little bit larger than the other moron's black horse, anyway.

Another group of stories are those given not in dialogue but as description of a moron's unusual actions. There was the one who was walking down the street with one foot in the gutter and the other

on the curb. Suddenly he said, "That's funny. I wasn't lame when I left home." There was also the moron who knocked loudly on the street lamp post. After waiting some minutes he looked up and said, "I know you're home because there's a light upstairs."

Some of the moron stories are told with gestures; for example, "How does a moron tie his shoe?" The answer is given by the narrator placing one foot on a chair, then bending down to the floor to tie his other shoe. Another goes, "How do morons scratch their fleas?" The narrator carefully pulls an imaginary flea from his hair, scratches it, and puts it back where he found it. "How do morons test cloth?" The cloth is held in one hand while the other hand, at some distance, goes through the motion of feeling the cloth between thumb and finger.

In earlier periods we had our epidemics of Irish jokes, negro minstrel gags, Jewish stories, "Rube" anecdotes, and others that exploited the supposed deficiencies or peculiarities of various groups. Also popular and perennial are the jokes about Scotchmen, hoboes, drunks, newly-married couples, mothers-in-law, and embarrassed applicants at heaven's gate. Although moron stories share with the older kinds of jokes many common elements and have often merely adapted the standard situations and events to the newer pattern, the moron type does represent a more impersonal form of satire. It is based upon a wholesome admiration for the intellectually superior and upon the normal desire to avoid being stupid. It is akin to the familiar slapstick comedy of the vaudeville team, but on the stage a cruel joke is often perpetrated by the clever fellow upon his stooge, or foil, the simple-minded moron.

Although morons are themselves often quite happy, they frequently interfere with the happiness of others. They deserve to be discredited and to be made the butt of harmless mirth. How much has been accomplished by the moron stories in raising the general level of American intelligence is open to question. At any rate they have added considerably to the entertainment of the nation during a none-too-easy period. Under the stress and strain of war activity a democracy may profitably seek its emotional outlet in satire upon those human characteristics which interfere with efficiency. Brutal attacks upon minority groups should be left to the dictators; our people do better when they join in harmless laughter at the deficiencies of mankind in general.

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FOLK CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS OF GREEK SPONGE-FISHERS OF FLORIDA

by

J. Frederick Doering

There is a picturesque settlement of Greek sponge-fishers at Tarpon Springs, Florida, which probably has no counterpart in the Western Hemisphere. These amiable people, when not engaged in their trade, loll about the taverns singing melodious folksongs in their native tongue, or they busy themselves with their sturdy little vessels which lie anchored in the harbor, usually a scene of intense activity. Incidentally, some of these ships bear classical names such as *Socrates* and *Plato*. Ordinarily they are painted white, but, when a member of the crew dies, the owner applies a coat of grey paint, which remains on the schooner for a period of six months. Now, this thriving little community is rich in folklore similar to the item mentioned: some has been brought from their native Greece; and some has been adopted from the Floridians, for, after all, the sponge-fishers are outspoken in their loyalty to American ideals and government.

At each Epiphany season boats gather at Tarpon Springs for the most important festivities of the year. Members of the fleet, many of whom are expert deep-sea divers, compete for a small gold cross which is tossed into the bay by the priests of the Greek Orthodox Church, resplendent in their ecclesiastical vestments.¹ The diver who retrieves the cross is supposed to enjoy good fortune during the ensuing year. At the conclusion of the ceremony the entire fleet receives the sacerdotal blessing. Despite the connection of the ritual with the Orthodox Church, a plethora of superstition permeates the event. The fishermen are afraid even to leave port before Epiphany lest disaster befall them. Then, too, they are loath to leave on a Tuesday, because Tuesday is deemed unlucky, especially for the undertaking of a new enterprise. The presence of superstition among the sponge-fishermen is not at all surprising, however, when one considers the prevalence of superstition among seamen the world over.

Once at sea, the work of the fishermen is begun in earnest.² The manner in which sponges are found when the sea is rough is, perhaps,

¹ See George Anastassiou, ed., *The Epiphany Day Book* (Tarpon Springs, 1937), p. 18; and *Tarpon Springs, Florida, Venice of the South* (Tarpon Springs), no pagination.

² E. P. Macrenaris, *The Sponge Industry of Tarpon Springs, Florida*, p. 2.

one of the most interesting items of folklore found among these people. Olive oil, sea-water, and sand are placed in a large bowl kept for that purpose aboard ship; these ingredients are then stirred with a huge "spoon," following which the mixture is poured into the Gulf. The sand sinks to the bottom, and the oil remains on the surface and calms the waters, enabling the fishers to see whether there are suitable sponge-beds in that spot. Often, too, cyclones are encountered in the Gulf of Mexico, with the result that someone is called upon to execute a charm to save the lives of the mariners. A cross is carved on the mast of the vessel by a member of the crew; then the fisherman stands back and hurls a knife into the middle of the cross. This action is supposed to protect the ship and its crew, but, since it is in violation of the religious doctrines of the Greek Church, the charmer must do penance afterwards. Yet the sailors never fail to resort to this charm in time of peril. Happily, the fishermen usually know what type of weather is ahead and make for port when there are indications of bad weather. When gulls begin to flock to land, they believe a hurricane is in the offing, as they do when they perceive the sky to be steel grey in color. A mackerel sky is considered to be favorable to their work. They say, moreover, that when the moon lies on its back, it is going to rain; when it stands up straight, it will be dry. Thus they use their folk learning in dealing with the elements.

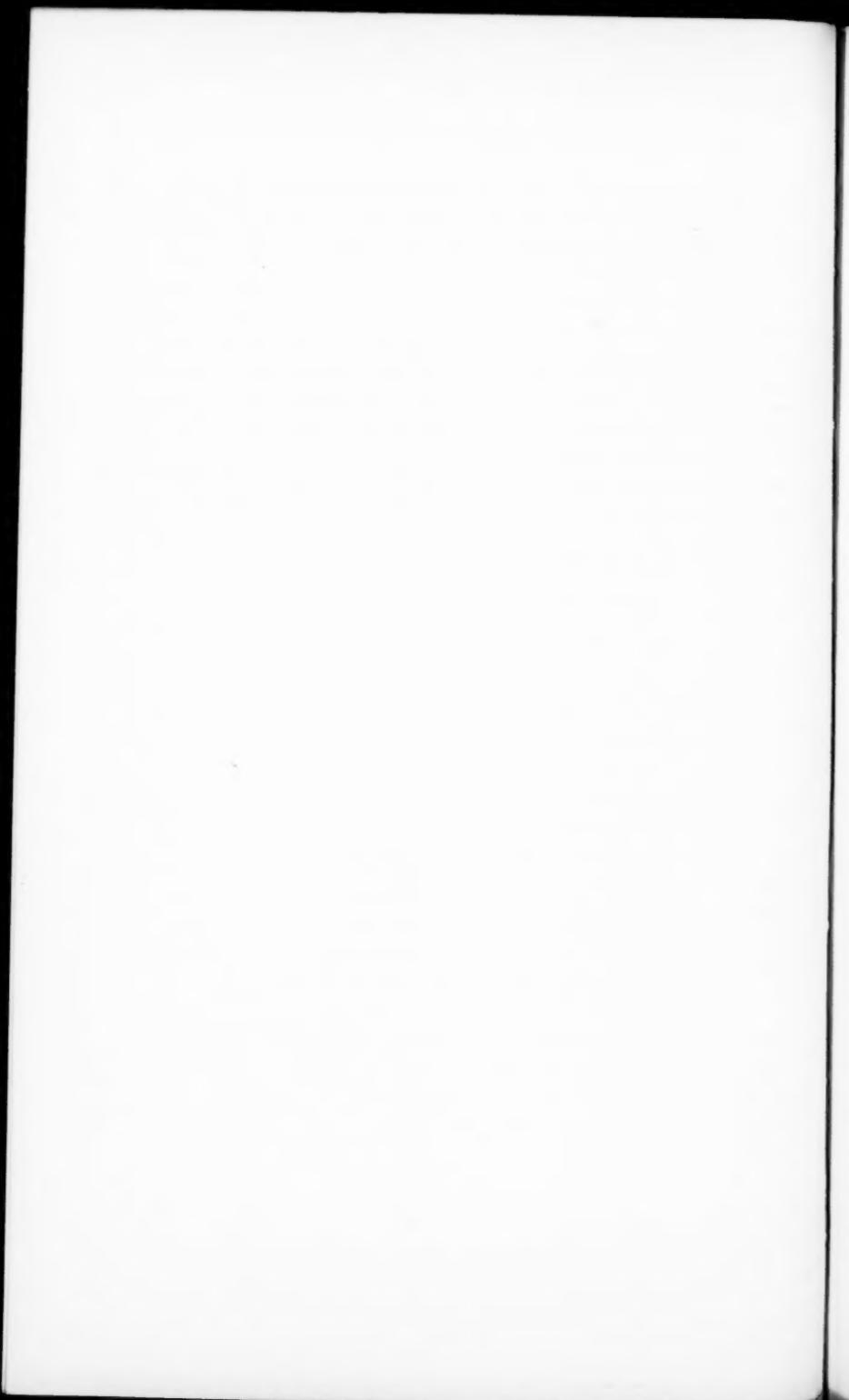
These folk have a great many charms which are reputed to bring them good luck. They believe that a charm bearing the image of a marine creature will bring them good luck while at sea. A spotted stone carried in one's pocket acts as a token of good luck. Certain groups believe, furthermore, that some species of sea-shell are suitable luck-charms. It is said if you hold one of these shells to your ear, you may hear the roar of the waves. A survey revealed also that many of the natives of Tarpon Springs carried with them images of various animals as a means of warding off evil.

The folk medicine of this section is also highly interesting. The Greek people believe in carrying a sea-bean to ward off rheumatism, comparable to the Northerners' relying upon the horse-chestnut or buckeye to accomplish this purpose. High blood pressure is relieved by blood-letting; colds are sometimes treated with wild cherry; and pneumonia patients are subjected to cupping, which, as the Greeks practice it, is a curious procedure. A cup in which lighted cotton and alcohol have been placed is placed upon the chest of the patient, whereupon the flesh is drawn into the cup when all the oxygen

is consumed, supposedly bringing relief to the patient. But the Greek colonists do not practice physic alone; they seem to be acquainted with "preventative medicine." One informant maintains they will not marry on April Fool's Day.

Much of the folklore of Florida remains unexplored. The field of the Seminole Indian has been delved into by a few pioneer folklorists, but much remains to be discovered if someone can persuade the redmen to talk. Old Southern towns in the central and northern sections appear to hold great possibilities, too, for the enterprising folklorist. Neither must Tampa's Spanish suburbs and the French-Canadian colony at Ste. Anne des Lacs be overlooked. But none of these potential stores of folklore can vie with that at Tarpon Springs. The material gathered for this article represents but a fraction of what could be found by a scholar who knew modern Greek or who had plenty of time at his disposal.

Fairleigh Dickinson Junior College.



SOME GAMES FROM OTHER LANDS

by

Paul G. Brewster

Several of the games which I shall describe here were brought to my attention a year or so ago, when I was assembling as many variants as possible of the guessing-game "How Many Horns Has The Buck?"¹ Among the materials sent me by my foreign friends were many guessing-games only remotely related to the game on which I was working at the time, but interesting in their own right. It is these latter which I present in this paper.

For the German games included, I am indebted to a student of mine, Miss Susanne Levy, who came from Germany about six years ago, and to my mother, Mrs. Nancy E. Brewster.

Africa

EGGS IN A NEST²

This game is usually played by a group of small girls. A pile of "tujimbu-jimbu" seeds is divided among them. A girl in the center of the circle hides her eyes while the others take a few seeds each in their hands. The latter then reach out their hands toward her and call, "Koni tumba. Koni tumba. Bunobu i bunswa bobe" ("Little bird, alight. Little bird, alight. This is your nest.") She grasps one closed hand. The owner asks, "Maii anga umbunswa?" ("How many eggs in the nest?"). If the player in the center guesses correctly, the two exchange places. If, however, the guess is incorrect, the one holding the seeds says, "Aaa! Tumbuka. Bunobu ke bobepo" ("No indeed! This is not your nest. Fly away!"). Opening her hand, she shows that the guess was not correct. All the others jeer goodnaturedly, and the guesser has to try again.

KANTU VUNGILE (A LITTLE THING WRAPPED UP)³

This is usually played by boys. One leaves the group and returns with a small object in his hand. Holding out the closed hand, he says, "Kantu vungile." They all look toward him, and he offers the closed

¹ See my "How Many Horns Has The Buck: Prolegomena to a Comparative Study," which will appear in the next number of *Volkskunde* (Belgium).

² The description of this game was sent me by Mr. William F. P. Burton, who is working among the Baluba.

³ From Mr. Burton.

hand to one, saying, "Ka bulwe nkunde i kebele" ("If it is not beans, then it is maize.") This is a challenge to guess. If the guess is incorrect, he makes a small line in the dust as a record, and goes on to the next player, saying "Telako," i.e. "You say (what it is)." And the next one guesses. Eventually somebody guesses correctly, and then the two exchange places. At the end of the game they count up their bad guesses, and the one with the smallest number of errors wins. Sometimes the game is played with a "kitanga." A "kitanga" is a spiral design drawn in the dust of the village street. Two boys are the players. Each starts with a small stone (or bean or "tijimbu-jimbu" seed) in a hole on his side of the spiral. Each time that a guesser is wrong, his opponent moves his own stone one step nearer the center of the "kitanga." The first to reach that point is the winner, and says, "Na ku tape. Na fika umbukata mwa ntanda" ("I have killed you. I have arrived in the middle of the land.") The "kitanga" sometimes has as many as ten coils in it, but ordinarily the players content themselves with three or four.

HA KAZUBU (ON A SHELL)⁴

A number of peanut shells or bits of stick are placed in a row. No certain number is required. One player squats with his back to the shells, and covers his eyes. Another player then removes some of the shells or pretends to do so. The latter then puts his finger on the first shell in the row, and asks, "Ndi ha tshinyi?" ("I am on what?") The idea is to guess how many of the shells have been removed. The first player guesses, and says, e.g., "Ha kazubu" ("On a shell.") If the guess is correct, the second player goes on to the next shell and repeats the question. If the guesser thinks that the last shell has been touched by the other, he says, "Ha buloba" ("On the ground"), for when all the shells have been touched, the second player then touches his finger to the ground. If the former says "On the ground" too soon or too late, the others laugh and shout, "He failed." If he has guessed correctly, they say, "He has married a woman."

MAKAFON BIRNI (THE BLIND MAN OF THE TOWN)⁵

One child is blindfolded or puts his hands over his eyes. The others form a circle around him. He wanders about in the center like a blind man. One of the other players either holds up so many fingers and asks him to guess how many are held up, or asks him to guess

⁴ Also from Mr. Burton.

⁵ From Mr. P. G. Harris, of Minna, Nigeria.

what he is holding in his hand (a stone, a mango, a piece of cloth, etc.) If the blindfolded player makes an incorrect guess, the others have a good laugh at his expense and the game continues until a correct guess is made. When the guess is correct, the roles are reversed.

Jugoslavia

ŽMIRKE⁶

Several boys form a ring, each holding the hand of his neighbor. In the center of the ring is a blindfolded player holding a stick. The circle moves about him, and the other players sing:

Our poor little baby with overbound eyes
Does not see about him the light of the sun;
He shall see it when guessing his fellow,
He shall see it when guessing his fellow.

When the song ends, the boy in the center strikes his stick on the ground, and the movement stops. The blindfolded player calls, "Ye em!" and the boy who is directly in front of him must reply, "Em ye!" but may change his voice in order to deceive the other. If the blindfolded player can identify the other by the sound of his voice, the two exchange places.

JACK, WHERE ARE YOU? (A)⁷

A wooden stick is driven into the ground. A piece of rope is then tied to this stick in such a way that there is an equal length on each side. One player, the lord, takes hold of one end of the rope; another, the servant, takes the other end. Both players are blindfolded. The lord carries a heavy towel. He calls to his servant, "Jack, where are you?" and the servant must answer. The lord tries to locate Jack by the sound of his voice and to strike him with the towel. When he succeeds in doing so, the roles are reversed or two other players continue the game.

JACK, WHERE ARE YOU? (B)⁸

The players form a ring. Two of them step into the center, and one is blindfolded. The one who is not blindfolded is called Jack. Jack stands in front of the blindfolded player and asks, "How many

⁶ This description I owe to the kindness of Dr. Milan Karanović, of Sarajevo.

⁷ Same source.

⁸ From Dr. Karanović.

fingers do I hold up?" This is to test whether the latter can see through the blindfold. When all are sure he cannot see, the blindfolded boy runs about with outstretched arms, asking, "Where are you, Jack?" The other must reply, "Here I am!" If the blindfolded player succeeds in touching Jack, the two players exchange places.

Poland

MRUCZEK⁹

A blindfolded child is placed in the center of a ring of players. He holds in his hand a roll of paper, with which he strikes one of the other players. The one struck must then utter a sound. If the blindfolded player recognizes the voice and names the other, the roles are reversed; if not, the game continues as before.

Finland

SARVISILLA¹⁰

The players select a "horner" or leader of the game. He sits at one side of a table, and the others sit opposite him. The leader says, "Horns, horns, horns,—buckhorns." Then each player has to open his fists and put his forefingers on each side of his head like horns. But if the leader says, for example, "Horns, horns, horns,—dog horns," each player must put his hands down. Anyone who lifts his hands to his head when the animal mentioned has no horns must pay a forfeit (*pantti*); he must also pay a forfeit if he does not lift his fingers when he should or if he is too slow. In order to collect more forfeits, the leader sometimes lifts his own fingers when he should not, thus deceiving the other players.

Latvia

HORNS, HORNS, WHO HAS HORNS?¹¹

All the players sit around a table. The leader knocks with his finger on the table and says, "Horns, horns, horns," and the others

⁹ Description furnished by Prof. Jan Czekanowski, of Lwow.

¹⁰ From Dr. Elsa Enäjärvi-Haavio, of Helsinki. This version is from Häme Province, central Finland. The game is widespread in Finland; see Anni Collan, *Suomen kansan leikkejä* (Porvoo, 1904), p. 139, and Toivo Okkala, *Suomen kansan kilpa-ja kotileikkejä* (Helsinki, 1928), p. 95.

¹¹ Description furnished by Dr. Karlis Straubergs, of the Latviesu Folkloras Kratuve, Riga.

do the same. Then he suddenly exclaims, "The cow has horns!" Each player now raises his hand (forefinger extended) to his head to indicate that the cow does have horns. But if the leader exclaims, "The pig has horns!" the hands must not be raised. Anyone raising the hand at the wrong time or failing to raise it at the right time must pay a forfeit. The game is played very rapidly.¹²

Japan

JAN KEN¹³

This game is played purely for amusement, or to decide the order of precedence in another game (as in our counting-out rhymes). Any number can play, but usually there are not more than four. All say at the same time "jan-ken-pon," making a slight pause between syllables and at the same time holding up one fist each. At the word "pon," each makes with his hand one of the following figures: "scissors" (first and second fingers outspread), "paper" (hand open), or "stone" (hand closed). "Scissors" can cut "paper" but not "stone." "Stone" can break "scissors." "Paper" can wrap "stone." If A shows "paper," B "stone," and C "scissors," there would be doubt as to the winner, since "scissors" could cut "paper" but would in turn be broken by "stone," and "paper" would wrap "stone" but would be cut by "scissors." If A shows "scissors," however, and B and C show "paper," then A is definitely the winner. The same is true if A shows "paper" and both B and C show "stone." The Japanese names for the figures are *ishi* (stone), *nasami* (scissors), and *kami* (paper).¹⁴

Hungary

DUBI DUBI HATI

In this game the object is to identify the touching finger, and the playing of it seems to be confined to very young children. The mother

¹² This, like the Finnish Sarvisilla, resembles closely our own "Horns" or "Feathers." In another variant from Latvia the players try to hit the caller's finger when he names an animal without horns. Anyone hitting at the wrong time can be struck by the caller in return. Players must be on the alert, because as soon as the caller has called the name of some animal which does not have horns, he immediately jerks his finger from the table. Very similar is "All the Birds Fly," played also in Norway ("Horn, horn, bukkehorn") and in Finland ("Kaikki linnut lentävät").

¹³ From Prof. Sanki Ichikawa, of the Tokyo Imperial University.

¹⁴ I have seen this game played in Missouri, where it is called "Rock, Scissors, and Paper."

takes the child on her lap, taps its back softly with one finger, and at the same time sings:

Dubi, dubi háti,
Rakoncai Páti,
Te kis gyerök, te kis lány
Mon' mög neköm igazán,
Melyik ujjam bökte?

I beat your backie,
(untranslatable)
You little boy, you little girl
Tell me if you can find out,
Which of my fingers has pushed you?

Then the singer holds before the child's eyes the hand with which it was struck, and the child guesses which finger did the striking.¹⁵

In a second game the identification is through vocal sound. A blindfolded player takes a cane in his hand, and the others form a circle around him, holding hands. As they walk about him, they sing the following rhyme:

Erre scörög a dió,
Erre mög a mogyoró!

Here rattles the nut,
There again the hazelnut!

The blindfolded player approaches the circle and tries to touch someone with his cane. When he succeeds, the circle stops and the blindfolded player hums "m-m-m." The player who was touched by the cane must answer with the same sound. If the blindfolded one can tell by whom the sound is made, the two exchange roles; if not, he must stay in the center of the ring until he succeeds.¹⁶

Bulgaria

SLAPA BABA NE VIDI

Identification in the following game is by touch. One player is blindfolded, and the rest form a circle and run around him. As they circle the blindfolded player, they tease him by imitating dogs or cats

¹⁵ Text and description given me by Prof. Berze Nagy János, of Pécs, who writes me that it is still one of the favorite games of smaller children.

¹⁶ From Professor János. Note the similarity between this game and the Jugoslav Žmirke.

or sometimes by leaping upon his back. He attempts to catch one of his tormentors. When he succeeds, he must identify his captive by feeling the latter's clothing. The rhyme recited by the players as they circle the blindfolded one runs as follows:

Slapa baba ne vidi,
Kotjo vidi da bjaga.

Blind old mother can't see,
Whoever can see, let him run away.¹⁷

Germany

KÖNIG (A) ¹⁸

All the players except one form a straight line facing the "König," who stands a few steps away. He has a ball, which he throws to each of the other players in turn. On the first round, each must catch the ball in both hands and then throw it back to the "König." Next, the ball must be caught with the right hand, and then with the left. Next, it must be batted back to the "König" with the right hand and then with the left. Anyone who fails to catch the ball or to bat it when his turn comes, must leave the game. The one who succeeds in going through the whole procedure without missing becomes the next "König." At the last round, the player must bat the ball back with both hands.¹⁹

KÖNIG (B) ²⁰

All the players except one, who is chosen by counting out, stand in a line. The "König" stands a few steps in front of the line. He throws the ball to each in turn. The "tests" may be either five or ten in number, according to the size of the group playing. The player who is first to complete his "tests" is "König" for the next time.

¹⁷ The text and the description of this game I owe to the kindness of Madame Raina Katzarova, of the Etnografski Musej, Sofia.

¹⁸ This is the game as it was played by my mother about fifty years ago in Southern Indiana.

¹⁹ "Tests": 1. catch ball with both hands
2. catch ball with right hand
3. catch ball with left hand
4. strike ball with both hands, palms outward and thumbs crossed
5. strike with right hand
6. strike with left hand

²⁰ Contributed by Miss Susanne Levy, of Jefferson City, Missouri.

"Tests": 1. strike ball with hand held palm outward, fingers pointing up
 2. strike ball with hand held in same position but with fingers pointing down
 3. strike ball with hand clenched
 4. strike ball with both hands, palms outward and fingers interlaced
 5. strike ball with both hands, fingers interlaced and backs outward
 6. strike ball with elbow
 7. strike ball with arm
 8. strike ball with chest
 9. strike ball with head
 10. strike ball with back

KÖNIG (C) ²¹

In this variant the ball is thrown against a wall. Any number of players may participate. The "tests" are the same as in *B*. The first is done ten times, the second is done nine times and so on. If a player drops the ball or does not perform the "test" the required number of times, he is out and another starts. The one who completes all the tests first is the winner.

KÖNIG (D) ²²

This form of the game is entirely different from those described above. All the players (any number may take part) stand in a large circle. Each draws a small circle, in which he must stand. Each player has a name; one is "Kaiser," another "König," another "Edelmann," etc. Someone in the circle throws the ball, usually to the "Kaiser" first. If the latter catches it, he throws it to another. If the "Kaiser" misses the ball, he must go after it, leaving his little circle. Then each of the other players tries to occupy it before the "Kaiser" can return. Each time a player becomes "Kaiser" (i.e. by standing in the latter's circle), he gets a mark. The one receiving the most marks is the winner of the game.

ÄNNCHEN ²³

This is another circle game. The player who is to be Ännchen is chosen by counting out. She sits in the center of the circle, pretending to cry, while the others march slowly around her. She chooses

²¹ From Miss Levy.

²² Same source.

²³ Same source.

the two (Karl and the Prince) who are to protect her from the jealousy of the wicked stepmother. These are selected while the players in the ring are marching around her. At the end of the game, Ännchen, Karl, and the Prince take each other's hands and skip to the opposite side of the circle, where they take their places in the ring. As Ännchen takes her place, she selects the one who is to succeed her.

CHORUS: Klein Ännchen sass auf einem Stein, einem Stein, einem Stein;
 Klein Ännchen sass auf einem Stein, einem Stein.

CHORUS: Klein Ännchen, warum weinest du, &c.

ÄNNCHEN: Ach, weil ich heut noch sterben muss, &c.

CHORUS: Oh, warum musst denn sterben du, &c.

ÄNNCHEN: Weil es Stiefmutters Wille ist, &c.

CHORUS: Da kam ihr Bruder Karl herein, &c.

KARL: Ach, Anna, warum weinest du, &c.

ÄNNCHEN: Ach, weil ich heut noch sterben muss, &c.

KARL: Ich geh' und hole Hilfe schnell, &c.

CHORUS: Da tritt der schöne Prinz herein, &c.

PRINCE: Ach, Anna, warum weinest du, &c.

ÄNNCHEN: Ach, weil ich heut noch sterben muss, &c.

PRINCE: Ach, Anerle, ich liebe dich, &c.

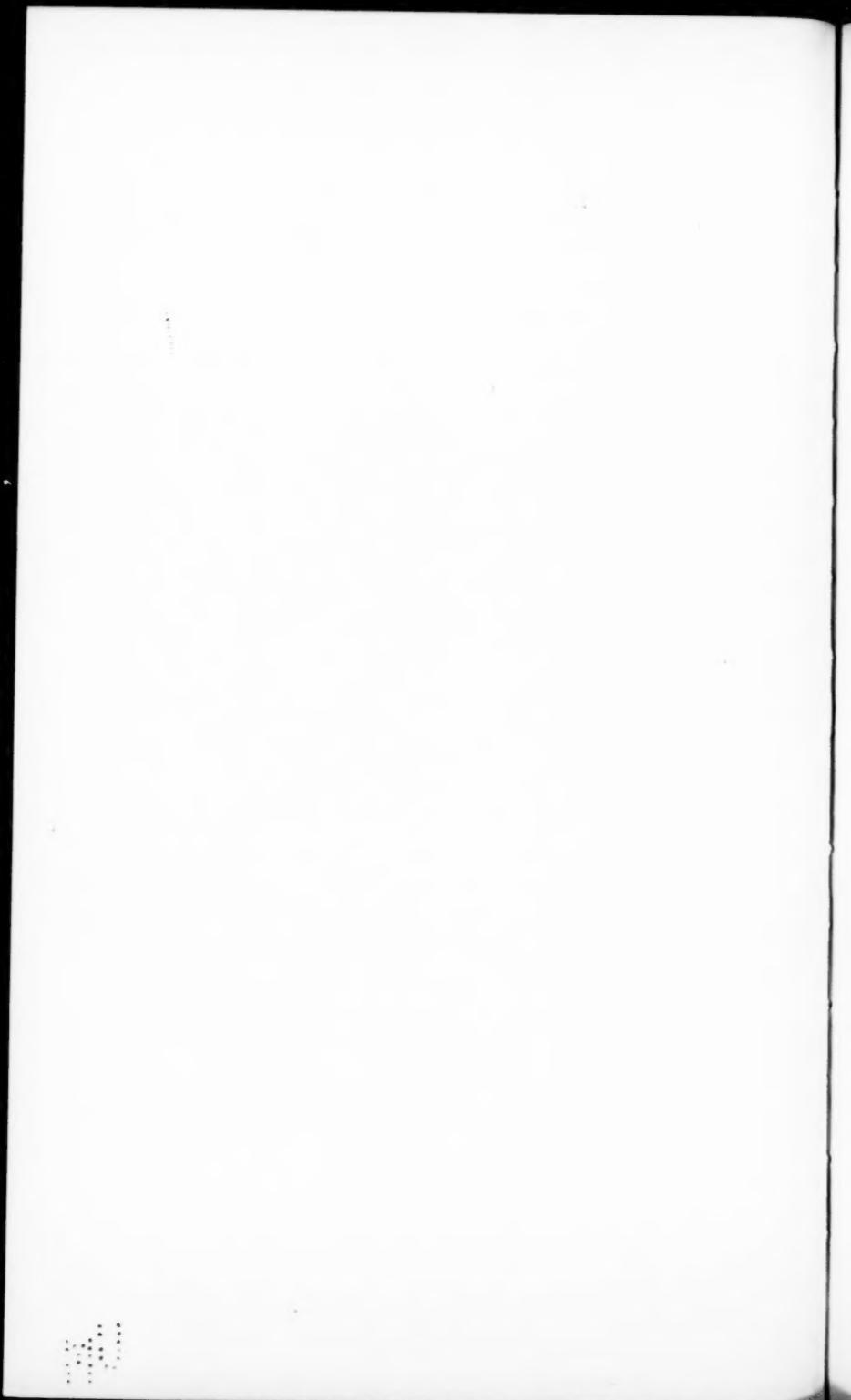
PRINCE: Ach, Anerle, kom du mit mir, &c.

ÄNNCHEN: Ja, gehen will ich gleich mit dir, &c.

ALL: Oh, Anna braucht nicht sterben heut, &c.²⁴

University of Missouri.

²⁴ See my earlier article on this game, "Traces of Ancient Germanic Law in a German Game-Song," in SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY, II (1938), 135-143.



SOME EARLY AMERICAN HYMNS

by

Mary O. Eddy

The excellent work which has already been done in rescuing from oblivion the traditional religious music of the South is well known to the readers of the SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY. My attention has recently been called to the wealth of similar material in Ohio and Pennsylvania. While these states have almost entirely lost the singing-school practices still in vogue in the South, the tunes once used lie hidden in the early hymnals, waiting to be brought to the attention of musicians. *The Beauties of Harmony*, *The Missouri Harmony*, *The Christian's Harp*, and other publications from this section are yielding folk tunes which delight the heart of a ballad lover. A few representative hymns are here presented. All of the words in the book quoted are included, together with the names of the composers when given. The headnote bibliographical material is of necessity, incomplete.

REPENTANCE C. M. D.

The Christian's Harp, 1832, from which this beautiful Dorian tune is taken, is the earliest of many hymn-books compiled by Rev. Samuel Wakefield, D. D., (1799-1895), the great grandfather of the distinguished musician, Charles Wakefield Cadman. Dr. Wakefield served the Pittsburgh conference of the Methodist Church for many years. In his books are several tunes which bear evidence of folk origin. These, so far as I know, are not included in other books.

Hymns with the title "Repentence" are not uncommon. I have listed nine from books covering the years 1808 to 1932, but Wakefield's tune is not among them.

(Dorian) This text and tune are taken from *The Christian's Harp*, 1832, p. 32 of appendix. It was harmonized by Samuel Wakefield.

1. Come hum-ble sin-ner in whose breast A thou-sand thayls re-volve; Come
with your guilt and fear of-prest, And make this last re-solve; I'll
go to Je-sus tho my sins Have like a moun-tain rose—;
I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may of-pose.

2. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

SOMERSET L. M. D.

See the note preceding the hymn "Repentance." A different tune with the title Somerset is found in *Musica Sacra*, 1818, p. 50, composed by Madan.

(Dorian) This text and tune are taken from *The Christian's Harp*, 1832, p. 36, of appendix. It was harmonized by Samuel Wakefield.

Broad is the road that leads to death And thou-sands walk to-gath-er there, But-wis-dom shew a nar-row path With here and there a tra-vel-ler. Do-my thy-self and take thy cross—, Is the Re-deem-er's great com-mand; Na-ture must count her gold but dross. If she would gain the heav'n-ly land.

CANAAN C. M.

The Missouri Harmony, from which two tunes have been selected here, is a treasure-house of folk hymns. In all probability this book, in spite of its title, was printed exclusively in Cincinnati, Ohio, between the years 1820 and 1850. If there are editions later than 1850, I have no knowledge of them. This book was very popular in Ohio, where I have found copies of different editions.

I have not found "Canaan" in any other book I have examined.

(Hexatonic) This text and tune are taken from *Missouri Harmony* 1832, p. 36.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful
 eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land Where my pos-
 sessions lie; O the trans-port-ing, rapt'rous scene, That
 rais'd to my sight, Sweet fields ar-ray'd in liv-ing
 green And rivers of de-light.

SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE C. M.

(Hexatonic) This text and tune are taken from *Missouri Harmony*, 1832, p. 45.

O, were I like a feathered dove, And in no-where had wings to fly and
make a long re-mote, From all these rest-less things. Let
me to some wild desert go, And find a peace-ful home, Where
storms of mat-ter never blow, And sor-rows never come.

CINCINNATI C. M. D.

The hymn "Cincinnati" does not appear in any book which I have examined except in that which I am forced to designate by its owner's name, Mrs. Mary Bollinger, Bellville, Ohio. This rare book has lost all its printed matter, though the hymns and index are intact. The year 1834 is written on one of the pages. Eighty of the tunes are apparently printed from the same plates as were used in *Missouri Harmony*. Up to the present time I have found no other copy. A simple mark of identification would be the misspelling of the title "Babylonian Captivity" in the index where the first word reads "Babalonian."¹

¹ Any information concerning the identity of this hymnal will be welcome.

(Pentatonic) This text and tune are taken from "Bollinger,"
1834, p. 17.

Dismas, hear thy sa-vious call, he now is passing by;
 He has seen thy grievous thrall and heard thy mournful cry.
 He has pardon to impart, grace to save thee from thy fears,
 See the love that filled his heart and wiped away thy tears.

COMMUNION C. M. D.

The Beauties of Harmony by Freeman Lewis (1780-1859) is another hymnal which was widely used in Ohio. The copyright for the first edition was issued in 1813. A granddaughter of the compiler, living in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, owns a late edition dated 1835.

The tune below, attributed to J. Robertson, is found also in *Repository of Sacred Music*, Part II, 1820, p. 103; *Christian's Harp*, 1832, p. 6 of appendix; "Bollinger," 1834, p. 18; *Sacred Melodeon*, 1855, p. 58; *Timbrel of Zion*, 1857, p. 94.

Other tunes bearing this title are not uncommon. I have noted six.

(Hexatonic) This text and tune are taken from *Beauties of Harmony*, 1818, p. 49. The composer is given as J. Robertson.

How sweet and aw-ful is the place With thine with-in the doors;
 While ev-er-last-ing love dis-plays The chisel of his stores.
 — Here ev-ry boun'd of our God With soft com-passion rolls
 —, Here peace and for-don taught with blos. So feed for dy-ing souls.

AMBOY, L. M. D.

Amboy is not printed below exactly as it appears in *The Sacred Melodeon*, 1855. It would be quite incomprehensible to a present-day musician if it were. Amos Sutton Hayden (1813-1880), the Ohio compiler of this book, made use of the system of musical notation introduced by J. B. Aiken in his *The Christian Minstrel*. This system includes discarding the theory of the minor scale, the omission of sharps and flats in the signature, the use of only three varieties of time, a separate shape for each note of the scale, and all voices printed in the G clef, with the clef sign omitted. Keys are designated by words, as "Key of A" (either C major or A minor), "Key of G" (either B flat major or G minor), etc. The abnormally high pitch of all the hymns in the book, due to this system, is exemplified in Amboy.

A different tune with this title is found in the *Presbyterian Hymnal*, 1874, No. 726, and in *New Christian Hymn and Tune Book*, 1882, No. 465.

(Hexatonic) The text and tune are taken from the *Sacred Melodeon*, 1855. p. 38.

When spring dis-plays her var-ious wreaths And op-en-ing blossoms darts
eyes, and fancy ev-ry beauty meets, Where do the
pleas-ing trans-port rise? Soon - will their transi-tent date ex-
pire, they fly and mock the fond pur-suit; New plea-sure
than the thought in-spire, And beau-tious au-tumn yields her fruit

HUBBARD C. M. D.

(Aeolian) The text and tune are taken from the *Sacred Melodeon*, 1855. p. 80.

1. Thy year rolls round and steals a — way, The breath that find it gave,
what air we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.
2. In-fi-nite joy or end-less wo — At-tends on ev-ry step,
And yet how un-con-cern'd we go, up — on the brink of death

VERNON L. M.

I have copied the tune below from a manuscript hymn-book in the hand of Amzi Chapin (1768-1835). This hymn-book is preserved in the old farmhouse in northern Ohio to which his widow moved after the death of her husband. Besides this rare piece of work, the family owns a voluminous correspondence of Mr. Chapin's and beautiful pieces of furniture made by him, in addition to a diary-account book covering the years 1791 to 1834, during which time he served as an itinerant music master in North Carolina, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and northern Ohio.

The hexatonic tune below occurs in *The Repository of Sacred Music*, Part II, 1820, p. 21, with the verse:

Lord, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face;
And lights our passion to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

The same tune occurs in *Missouri Harmony*, 1832, p. 55; "Bolinger," 1834, p. 30; *Original Sacred Harp* (revision of 1936), p. 95, where it is attributed to Chopin; *Sacred Melodeon*, 1855, p. 125.



WALBRIDGE S. M.

Walbridge is particularly interesting in having so many secular relatives. It is difficult to say whether the tune was composed for religious words, or a well-known secular tune was adapted for that purpose. However that may be, in *Ballads and Songs from Ohio I* include three adaptations of this tune; version B of "James Harris" (Child No. 243), p. 72; "The Drunkard's Doom," p. 308; "Fair Charlotte," p. 278.

(Hexatonic) The text and tune are taken from *The Christian Lyre*, 1831, p. 130.

a-wake, and sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb! Wake
ev-ry heart and ev-ry tongue to praise the Sa-mour's name!

THE AWFUL DOOM OF THE WICKED

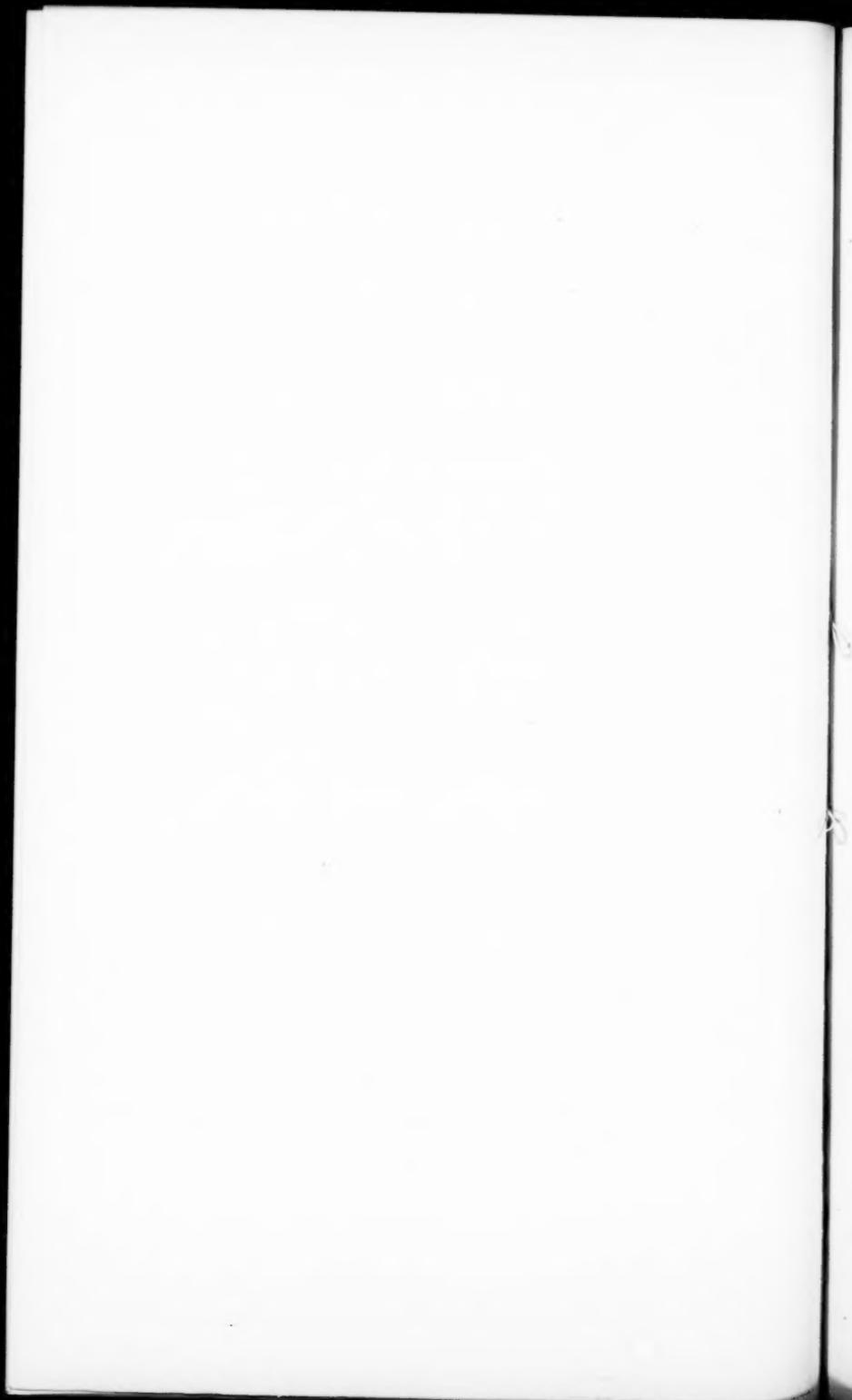
This song is an excellent example of the type named "religious ballads" by Dr. George Pullen Jackson in *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America*, this one being told in the third person. Others of this type which have come to my attention and are included in *Ballads and Songs from Ohio* are "The Little Family," p. 295; "Wicked Polly," p. 305; "The Drunkard's Doom," p. 308; "The Romish Lady," p. 220; "The Drunkard's Dream," p. 225.

The tune which follows was taken down from the singing of Rev. Rich by Mrs. E. L. Housley, Chosen, Florida.

(Pentatonic) The text and tune have been taken down from the singing of Rev. Lawrence Rich, Canton, Ohio.

1. Death is a melan-cho-ly call, a cer-tain judg-ment for us all; It takes the young as well as the old, It takes them in its arms so cold,
It's awful, awful, awful!

2. There was a youth the other day,
Just in his prime, he looked so gay!
He trifled all his time away,
And dropped into eternity.
It's awful, awful, awful!
3. As he lay on his dying bed,
Eternity he began to dread;
He said, "O Lord, I view my state
But O, I fear it is too late.
It's awful, awful, awful!"
4. His parents both were standing round
With tear-drops falling to the ground;
He said, "Dear father, pray for me,
For I am bound for eternity.
It's awful, awful, awful!"
5. A few more breaths may be perceived
Before the young man takes his leave;
He says, "Dear father, fare you well,
I'm dragged by angels down to hell.
It's awful, awful, awful!"
6. The corpse was laid beneath the ground,
With brothers and sisters weeping round,
With throbbing hearts and thinking minds
To think in hell their brother's confined.
It's awful, awful, awful!



THIRD ANNUAL WESTERN FOLKLORE CONFERENCE

The Third Annual Western Folklore Conference met on July 14-17, 1943, at the University of Denver. Below is printed a copy of the program as announced by Dr. Levette J. Davidson, Chairman of the Conference.

PROGRAM

Wednesday, July 14

8:15 P. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

Lecture-Recital—"American Songs and Ballads".....	John Jacob Niles
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Thursday, July 15

10:00 A. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

American Folk Wisdom.....	Archer Taylor
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Discussion—Current Research in American Folklore

2:30 P. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

FOLKLORE STUDIES

FOLK ELEMENTS IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION

Folk Contributions to Western American Culture.....	Wilson O. Clough
"Embrujo"—Ghosts of the Spanish-American Southwest.....	Herbert O. Brayer
Nebraska Strong Men.....	Louise Pound
Sources of Familiar Riddles.....	Archer Taylor

8:15 P. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

JOINT PROGRAM WITH THE INTER-AMERICAN WORKSHOP

Brazilian Dances and Street Cries.....	Alice Follwell Pratt
Sketches Folkloricos.....	Florence Hall
The Mexican Folk Theatre.....	John Englekirk

Friday, July 16

10:00 A. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

Collecting Ballads and Carols in the Southern Mountains.....	John Jacob Niles
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Discussion—Problems of the Folklore Collector

WESTERN FOLKLORE CONFERENCE

2:30 P. M.

University Civic Theatre, Mayo Hall

Folk Song—A Gold Mine.....Roy Harris

Illustrated by Johana Harris at the Piano

6:30 P. M.

Rustic Fireplace, University of Denver Campus

Chuck Wagon Supper and Frontier Entertainment

Singing of Western Songs

8:15 P. M.

Demonstration of Folk Dances—

Mabel Rilling, The Pioneer Promenaders, and Other Folk Dance Groups

Square Dancing for Everyone

Saturday, July 17

Morning

Visits to Denver Museums, Libraries, and Historic Spots, with a Gallery Talk at the Colorado State Museum, Fourteenth and Sherman, at eleven, by LeRoy R. Hafen.

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